PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH DOCTORS?

By H. Edwin Lewis, M. D.

For the past five years the dominant features of modern medicine have been doubt, pessimism and intolerance. With tactless zeal the medical profession has done its laundry work in the full gaze of an ever-critical and not over-friendly public.

Quarrels with our tools and with each other have been the order of the day. Criticism, suspicion and accusation have been rife, and on every hand have sprung up commercial tendencies that have lowered the dignity and efficiency of our profession. The thirst for money, power and position has possessed us, and under the spell of these dangerous intoxicants too many of us have lost sight of the true nature and obligations of our calling.

With a stupidity that is incomprehensible we have rushed to sit at the feet of every new prophet, no matter how questionable his teaching, and have foolishly forsaken the time-proved logic of the old. Thus, in many instances, established facts have been discarded for phantom theories—though temporarily, let us hope. The worship of the laboratory fetish has caused us to sadly neglect clinical and bedside observation.

COSTLINESS OF NATION'S WAR SPIRIT.

By U. S. Justice Brewer.

At the close of the civil war we owed about $3,000,000,000. In the twenty-five or thirty years following that we paid two-thirds of that debt. Since then, although during the last ten years we have had unexampled prosperity, we have not paid a dollar, and we owe to-day, as we did at the end of the Spanish war, $1,000,000,000.

During the past ten years the appropriations for our army and navy (exclusive of pensions) have aggregated $1,626,000,000, an excess over the prior ten years of $1,119,000,000. This is why we have not paid the national debt. Is this nation any better off, with its magnificent fleet of ironclads and its larger army, than it would have been if it had paid its national debt and stood to-day as the one great nation on the face of the earth not owing a dollar?

The surplus excess of our military and naval expenditure for the last ten years would have reclaimed every arid acre within the limits of this country, and would have given us magnificent canals, stretching from the North to the South. Every school in the country has its military company. We are all craving for war, and we cannot be craving for war and not have war.

I contend that the principles of right and justice are eternal and can be depended on. If we can trust God to see that our dollars are paid, I think we can trust Him to make good His declarations that righteousness will exalt the nation.

WHY WOMEN SEEM FRIVOLOUS.

By Dr. Lester Frank Ward.

It often is remarked that women as a rule are more frivolous and trifling than men. Where the only objects with which woman comes in contact are those of the kitchen, the nursery, the drawing room and the wardrobe, how shall she be expected to have broad ideas of life, the world and the universe? Her ideas are perfectly natural and legitimate. She has seen and handled culinary utensils, china and silverware, and she has an idea of them. In the absence of other ideas she will think about them, talk about them, have her whole mind absorbed with them. The mind must act, and this is all the material it has to act upon.

It is the same of dress. Her soul is engrossed in dress, since it is her most important object of experience. If you wish to make her forsake it you must give her something else to think of. Give woman an interest in great subjects and she soon will abandon small ones. If she knew as much about the great men of history or of her own age as she does about her neighbors she would cease to talk about the latter and talk about the former. Teach her science, philosophy, law, politics, and you will do much to put an end to gossip, slander and fashion worship.

BEWARE OF APPLAUSE OF THE CROWD.

By President Butler of Columbia.

A most persistent enemy of sound standards is the tendency to delight in the applause of the crowd and in the acclaim of the unthinking, the immature and the ill-informed. More than one leader of men, past and present, has been led astray by the strong temptation which this tendency offers.

Sometimes one almost feels that the noisiest policy passes for the best, and that that which is at the moment the most popular is generally held to be the wisest. This confusion is the chief danger to which democracy is exposed. What men want often contradicts what men ought to have, and to bring the two into harmony is the supreme task alike of education and statesmanship.

Not the clamor of the crowd, however angry or however emphatic, but what Sir Thomas Browne quaintly called "the judgment of the judicious," is the true standard of merit. To it we must constantly and hopefully and resolutely repair. We should never for any reason be tempted or cajoled or frightened into deserting it.

GRANDMOTHER.

Oh! when a grandmother is sweet
How very sweet she is!
Three generations blending meet:
A triple grace in this;
For all we feel and all we know,
She too has felt and known,
And to the heights where we must grow,
She long ago has grown.

Mothers are lovely, dear, and good
As ever good can be;
And yet it seems they never could
Be quite as quick as she
To find the good and miss the ill
In all the children do;
But then, perhaps, at last they will
When they're grandmothers too.

Comparisons how can we make,
Since equal love we give
To each?—for either's darling sake
We'd gladly die—or live.
Yet one sweet truth is very clear
And by it we will stand:
Mothers are lovely, good, and dear,
But grandmothers are "Grand"!
—Sunday Magazine.

"So you want to marry my daughter?" said the banker, eying the young man steadily.

"I do, sir."

"Do you love her?"

"More than life," was the emphatic reply.

The banker thought for a while.

"Let us see," he finally said. "What are your prospects? You are poor, but come of a good family. You have intelligence, honesty and ambition; and you are now working at a salary of fifteen dollars per week as assistant to Mr. Stewart, the cashier. How can you expect to support a woman who has been used to luxury all her life on a sum so small?"

"I didn't think of marrying at once, sir. I would work hard, and be willing to wait until I could advance myself to a better position in the bank."

"And do you suppose a girl like Gladys would engage herself to you, and wait years for a husband, while there are plenty of eligible young men among her acquaintances?"

The rich man spoke mildly, but Warren Lewis detected a sneer in his tone. He hastily arose.

"Then you object, sir," he said.

"I certainly do. I may as well tell you now that Gladys will marry Mr. Stewart. He is the man I have picked out for her, and they think a good deal of each other. So return to your work, Mr. Lewis, and let us hear no more of this presumptuous nonsense."

Warren went back to his desk, unhappy and disappointed. He was sure that Gladys loved him, and Mr. Wilson had always treated him so cordially when he called at his house that he hoped no objections would be offered changed. Still he determined to see Gladys, and ask her if she was aware that her father wanted her to marry Mr. Stewart.

He called on her that evening, and came at once to the subject nearest his heart.

"Gladys, do you know that your father wishes you to marry Mr. Stewart?" he asked.

She colored and looked confused.

"Yes," she answered.

"But you don't intend to accept him?"

"Yes," she said again. "The matter was settled by my father long ago."

For a moment Warren could not speak. That the girl he loved and trusted could have deceived him was hard for him to credit, yet she herself admitted the fact, and he was compelled to believe it.

Warren Lewis was one of the men in whom honor is placed above every other consideration. He despised anything like deception, and a wave of anger swept over him.

"Well," he said, "I suppose I am not the first man who has been fooled by a deceitful woman. I am glad I have discovered the fact, though how you expected to profit by such conduct I can't imagine. A woman who so far forgets her womanliness as to trifle with a man who loves her is not worthy of his thoughts. I wish you good-evening, Miss Wilson."

As Warren turned away the girl made a step forward and appeared to be about to speak; but before she could do so he had gone.

He went straight home, and alone in his room struggled hard with his grief. When he returned to his duties at the bank on the following morning, beyond a slight pallor, there was no outward indication of the ordeal he had passed through during the night.

But it was a severe blow to the young man, none the less. He had loved Miss Wilson almost from the first day he had met her, yet realising the social gap between them, would never have presumed to address her had she not given him unmistakable encouragement. After that he trusted her implicitly, and the discovery of her duplicity was overwhelming.

He was destined to have two more surprises within the next few days. The first came in the shape of a telegram announcing the death of a near relative who had left him a large fortune. The bank president congratulated him on his good luck, and remarked that he supposed Warren would not care to remain longer in the position he now held.

"I do, though," said the young man. "The change in my fortune will make no difference in that line. I desire to get a thorough training in the banking business, and shall go on just as if nothing had occurred to place me above the need of working—that is, if you care to have me stay."

"Most assuredly I care," said the banker, heartily. "I'll see to it that you are advanced as rapidly as possible."

So Warren remained at his desk, and no one would suppose that he was a rich man.

The second surprise occurred one morning when Mr. Stewart was arrested for misappropriating the funds of the bank. The State bank examiner had visited the institution on the preceding day, and the arrest of the cashier was the result.

Many false entries had been discovered, aggregating over two hundred thousand dollars, and the folly of attempting to deny his thefts in the face of the evidence appealed to the cashier so cogently that he made a full confession. Speculation had proved his ruin.

day a run on the bank began. There was a hasty meeting of the directors, who contributed all the cash they could command to save the honor of the institution, but it was apparent that this would not preclude the necessity of closing the doors.

Then Warren came to the rescue.

"I can raise seventy-five thousand dollars in three hours," he said to President Wilson. "I'll gladly lend it to the bank if it will be of any service."

"It will save us from ruin, my young friend," said Mr. Wilson, grasping his hand. "And now, in justice, let me tell you something. What Gladys said to you the other night I am responsible for. I represented you as a fortune hunter, and commanded her to give you up. She has always obeyed me, and she did not refuse to do so this time, though she now lies ill as a result. Come and see her. I no longer object to your attentions to my daughter, for you have proved yourself in all ways worthy of her."

When Warren reached the banker's house that evening he found Gladys much improved, a direct result of her father's withdrawal of his objections to her lover's suit; and the knowledge that the girl he loved was not the treacherous woman she appeared to be repaid the young man for all he had suffered.

Warren's money saved the bank. When the panic-stricken depositors found their claims paid as promptly as their books were presented, they recovered from their fright, and many put their money back again, using their influence to quiet the fears of others.

Warren now has a position in the bank second only to Mr. Wilson himself, and Gladys has been his wife for more than a year.—Pennsylvania Grit.

England Has Profitable Acres.

The possibilities of profitable gardening in England are exemplified by an acre of land cultivated on the French system of intensive culture, which in the last completed year is said to have yielded £625 in gross returns.

This probably constitutes a record for England, the nearest approach known to the writer being an acre of land, the property of a seedsman on the Great Western line between London and Oxford, which has yielded in one year flower seeds to the value of £270.

In Samoa £60 to £80 is the average yield an acre of land planted in cocoa; in Georgia £80 worth of eggplants have been picked from a single acre, and pineapple farms in the West Indies often pay as much as £100 an acre.

Such yields as these, however, are trivial compared with that of an acre of vineyard in the Moselle wine-growing district which was sold a few years ago for nearly £24,000, and which produces a crop worth £2,500; or with that acre of land in Thibet on which grows the sacred "tree of a thousand images," the leaves of which yield an annual revenue exceeding £3,000.—Westminster Gazette.

Formidable Words.

"I suppose," said the friend, "that the letter of acceptance with which you raise the party standard represents a great consumption of midnight oil."

"Look here, my friend," answered the cautious candidate; "talk about electricity or gas as much as you like, but please don't mention 'standard' and 'oil'."—Washington Star.

When women attend a party, on the way home they have quite a little criticism to offer, even if they had a good time.

Some men are always having a "ter-

The Call of the Jungle.

By Berkeley Hutton.

MANY a time I've come back from a trip, leaving half my men and all my ivory rotting in some deadly African swamp, half dead with fever, swearing that I'm done with the business for good. And some bright day, in six months, or even in three, the smell of the jungle gets into my nostrils; through all the roar of the street traffic I hear the squeal of an elephant or the coughing roar of a lion's challenge—and that settles the business. Back I go again, knowing precisely what is coming—the sweating days and the chilling nights, the torments of insects and of thirst, the risks and hardships, and the privations. For once Africa has laid her spell upon a man, he's hers forever. He'll dream of her—of the black tangle of forests he's broken through, hot on the trail of a wounded bull tusker; of the parched and blistered veldts he's crossed under the blazing sunlight; of the nights, those moonlit, haunted nights, when he's watched beside a runway, waiting for the game to come down to drink, and listened to the ripple of the water on the flats, the splash of a crocodile, the stealthy snapping of branches all around him, the scurry of monkeys overhead; listened to the vast black silence, into which all smaller sounds are cast as pebbles are dropped into a pool.—July Everybody's.

London's Model Police.

By Sydney Brooks.

NEW YORKERS who have visited London during the past two years have had an illuminating experience. The fact that they may not have been conscious of it merely emphasizes its significance. Ever since the spring of 1906 an official Parliamentary committee has sat to inquire into the conduct of the London police. One knows the phenomena that accompany such inquiries in New York, the sudden rush for cover on the part of sergeants and inspectors, the uneasiness of political bosses, and the crescendo of popular excitement. In London there has been nothing of all this. People were interested in the inquiry when it first opened. For two or three weeks the papers published full reports of the proceedings. Then when it was seen that there was nothing sensational to be divulged, the interest fell off and soon vanished completely. For the last eighteen months the man in the street has absolutely dismissed the subject from his mind. When a paragraph appeared recently announcing the end of the labors of the committee, it read like a message from prehistoric times, so wholly had the mere fact of the committee's existence dropped from the public consciousness.

The committee was appointed to inquire into the conduct of the police in dealing with cases of drunkenness, disorder and solicitation in the streets. Every man and woman who had a grievance against the police was invited to forward a statement of his or her case. There are some 17,000 policemen in the London district. They are charged with the duty of looking after over seven million people. They make on an average just under 120,000 arrests a year. The materials therefore are ample for the production of complaints. Yet from first to last the committee received only three hundred complaints, and of these only ninety-nine contained charges of misconduct of varying degrees of gravity more or less definitely formulated against members of the force. Nineteen of these came within the terms of reference and were exhaustively examined. The committee's report amounts to a careful and dispassionate vindication of the force.—Harper's Weekly.

Conclusions About Mars.

By Professor Simon Newcomb, Ph.D

IT is sometimes said that we are not justified in inferring the conditions of life in other worlds from what we see on ours, because in each world the form of life will adapt itself to the surrounding conditions. Now if on our planet we found this to be the case—if life were equally abundant everywhere—the argument would be stronger than it is. As a matter of fact, we do not find life to flourish in the arctic regions. We are therefore able to say from our own observation that there are conditions under which life, so far as we can judge from experience, will not be much if at all developed.

It may seem that this tends to lessen our faith in the wide diffusion of any high form of life elsewhere, and to strengthen the contention of Alfred Russel Wallace that there is no other world than our adapted to the production of life. But this is not the correct conclusion. The very fact that we are able, from comparing what is going on in the equatorial and the arctic regions of our planet, to say definitely that the former are highly adapted to life, strengthens the contention that under all circumstances where the temperature and other conditions are similar to those which prevail in our torrid zone, life will probably be developed on a large scale.

Of course the existence of life does not imply the development of a race endowed with reason. We cannot say anything definite on this point until the investigators of human evolution are able to tell us just how it happened that the human race appeared upon our earth when it did. It seems to require a certain amount of scientific training to avoid forming an opinion when one has no grounds of knowledge. But it is what the trained investigator of nature must always learn to do. So when he is asked whether he believes in life on Mars, the best he can say, in the writer's opinion, is that, so far as we can infer from all the facts and principles of science, the conditions seem to be unfavorable to any form of life unless of the very lowest order, and that he has no opinion as to whether even this order of life actually exists.—From Harper's Weekly.

Noiseless Guns.

By Hiram Percy Maxim.

WE have heard the disadvantages of the noiseless gun discussed, and it might be well to consider for a moment some of the advantages. The matter is of the broadest possible interest and therefore should be considered broadly.

The defence and offence of man for countless centuries have been the striking of a blow at a distance. The early savages struck a single man power blow at a distance of a few yards by means of an arrow shot from a bow. Mediaeval man struck a ten man power blow at a moderate distance by means of a large stone hurled from a catapult. Recent man struck a blow of several tons at a considerable distance by the aid of gunpowder and a metal bullet. Modern man strikes a terrific blow across miles of space with the accuracy and precision of a hand pointer, with modern high explosives and a rifled gun barrel. With a light shoulder arm, not very much larger or heavier than a robust walking stick, a man today may deal out death a mile and a half away.

Having produced guns which will shoot as far as a man can see effectively, further improvement in means of defence and offence must lie along new lines. The first step in the new line was the production of smokeless powder. With this in place of the old black powder no puff of smoke was formed at discharge, and location of position became possible of determination only by the sound of discharge. The next logical step in the line of improvement was the silencing of this sound, and this has now been accomplished. Location of position has thus become for the first time in history impossible of determination.

The wars of the future will be wars of concealment. Engineering skill will be more than even called upon. An invader, even though he may be the stronger in numbers, may only advance before a weak defender, under concealment. Advance will be infinitely more difficult than it ever has been. In short, with the silent rifle, victory will be immensely more difficult for the assailant to win, while repulse will be immensely more easy for the defender to administer.

This is very far reaching in its possibilities. Existing territorial occupation will be more difficult to disturb. The weaker will have less to fear from the stronger. Had men had silent firearms and smokeless powder in the past England might not have conquered the Boers and occupied the Transvaal, the Japanese might not have invaded Manchuria and driven out the Russians, if indeed the Russians had been able to secure their original foothold, nor the Germans have crossed the Rhine and entered France.

Certainly, it seems safe to say that any means whereby the weaker are made more nearly independent of the stronger tends toward the settlement of disputed questions by peaceful means rather than by force. The silent rifle and smokeless powder of course constitute force; but we must have force if peace is to be forced.

It Means a Rush.

Postmaster-General Meyer, discussing the new two-cent letter rate to Great Britain, said that it would enormously increase the postal business.

"The mail bags will fill quickly when this rate goes into effect," said Mr. Meyer. He smiled. "If such a rush of business had attended on the Nola Chucky post office, the old Nola Chucky postmaster's ways would have escaped notice.

"Some years ago an old fellow was appointed postmaster of the small village of Nola Chucky. A number of weeks passed, and the Nola Chuckians and their friends began to complain about the mails. And no wonder. The postmaster, it seemed, had sent out no mail since his entrance into office.

"An inspector, investigating the matter, pointed to the hundred or more dusty letters that the postmaster had kept by him, and said stern-

"'Why on earth, sir, didn't you let those go?'

"'I was waitin',' said the old man, 'till the bag got full.'"—Washington Star.

Mexican Proverbs.

He who never ventures will never cross the sea.

There's no gain without pain.

Flies cannot enter a closed mouth.

Behind the cross is the devil.

A cat in gloves will never catch rats.

To the hungry no bread is dry.

A book that is shut makes no scholar.

A good laundress washes the shirt first.

No evil will endure a hundred years.

When the river is passed, the saint is forgotten, says the "Family Doctor."